



WILLIAM *and* MARGARET,  
 AN OLD  
 BALLAD.

W HEN it was grown to dark Mid-night;  
 And all were fast asleep,

Then in came *Margaret's* grimly Ghost;

And stood at *William's* Feet.

H E R Face was like the *April* Morn;

Clad in a wintry Cloud,

And Clay cold was her Lilly-Hand

That held the fable Shrowd.

S o shall the fairest Face appear;

When Youth and Years are flown;

Such is the Robes that Kings must wear,

When Death has rest their Crown,

A

HEA

HER Bloom was like the springing Flow'r

That sips the Silver Dew;

The Rose was budded in her Cheek,

And opening to the View.

BUT Love had, like the canker Worm,

Consum'd her early Prime:

The Rose grew pale, and left her Cheek;

She dy'd before her Time.

AWAKE, she cry'd, thy true Love calls,

Come from her Mid-night Grave;

Now let thy Pity hear the Maid,

Thy Love refus'd to save.

THIS is the mirk and fearful Hour,

When dreary Church-yards yawn;

Now injur'd Ghosts come forth to walk,

And haunt the faithless Man.

BETHINK thee, *William*, of thy Fault,

Thy Pledge, and broken Oath,

And give me back my Maiden-Vow,

And give me back my Troth,

How

How could you say my Face was fair,

And yet that Face forsake?

How could you win my Virgin-Heart,

Yet leave that Heart to break?

How could you promise Love to me,

And not that promise keep?

Why did you swear mine Eyes were bright,

Yet leave those Eyes to weep?

How could you say my Lip was sweet?

And made the Scarlet pale?

And why did I, young witless Maid!

Believe the flattering Tale?

THAT Face alas! no more is fair;

These Lips no longer red;

Dark are mine Eyes now clos'd in Death,

And ev'ry Charm is fled.

THE hungry Worm my Sister is;

This Winding-Sheet I wear,

And cold and weary lasts our Night,

Till that last Morn appear.

BUT

But hark! The Cock has warn'd me hence;

A long and last ADIEU!

Come see, false Man, how low she lies;

That died for love of you.

Now Birds did sing, and Morning smile,

And shew her glittering Head:

Pale William shook in ev'ry limb,

Syne raving left his Bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal Place,

Where Margaret's Body lay,

And stretcht him on the green Grass Turf,

That wrapt her Breathless Clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's Name,

And thrice he wept full sore;

Then laid his Cheek to the cold Earth,

And Word spake never more.

7 APR 66

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N. B. This Ballad will sing to the Tunes of Montrose's  
Lines, Rothes's Lament, or, the Isle of Kell.



